Will with a trumpet twixt our Tents and Troy,
To morrow morning call ſome Knight to armes,
That hath a ſtomack, and ſuch a one that dare,
Maintaine I know not what, (tis traſh) farewell.——
Aiax. Farewell, who ſhall anſwer him.
Achil. I know not, tis put to lottry, otherwiſe,
He knew his man.
Aiax. O meaning you? I will go learne more of it.
Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.
Priam. After ſo many houres, liues, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once againe ſaies *Neſtor* from the Greekes:
Deliuer *Hellen*, (and all domage els,
As honour, loſſe of time, trauell, expence,
Wounds, friends and what els deere that is conſum'd?
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant warre)
Shalbe ſtroke off, *Hector* what ſay you to't?
Hect. Though no man leſſer feares the Greekes then I
As farre as toucheth my particular: yet dread *Priam*
There is no Lady of more ſofter bowells,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſence of feare:
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is ſurely
Surely ſecure, but modeſt doubt is calld
The beacon of the wiſe, the tent that ſerches,
Too'th bottome of the worſt let *Hellen* go,
Since the firſt ſword was drawne about this queſtion
Euery tith ſoule 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes,
Hath beene as deere as *Hellen*. I meane of ours:
If we haue loſte ſo many tenthes of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs,
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten,
What merits in that reaſon which denies,
The yeelding of her vp?
Troy. Fie, fie, my brother,
Way you the worth and honour of a King:
So great as our dread fathers in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with *Compters* ſumme,
The paſt proportion of his infinite:

And buckle in, a waſte moſt fathomles,
With ſpanes and inches ſo dyminutue:
As feares and reaſons: Fie for Godly ſhame?
Hele. No maruell though you bite ſo ſharpe of reaſons:
You are ſo empty of them ſhould not our father;
Beare the great ſway of his affaires with reaſon,
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none that tell him ſo?
Troy. You are for dreames and ſlumbers brother Prieſt,
You furre your gloues with reaſon, here are your reaſons
You know an enemy inrends you harme:
You know a ſword imployde is perilous
And reaſon flies the obiect of all harme.
Who maruells then when *Helenus* beholds,
A Gretian and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heeles,
And flie like chidden *Mercury* from *Ioue*
Or like a ſtarre diſorbd? nay if we talke of reaſon,
Sets ſhut our gates and ſleepe: man-hood and honour,
Should haue hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cram'd reaſon, reaſon and reſpect,
Make lyuers pale, and luſthood deiect.
Hect. Brother, ſhee is not worth, what ſhee doth coſt the
keeping.
Troy. Whats aught but as tis valued.
Hect. But valew dwells not in perticuler will,
It holds his eſtimate and dignity,
As well wherein tis precious of it ſe'fe
As in the prizer, tis madde Idolatry
To make the ſeruice greater then the God,
And the will dotes that is attributiue
To what infectiouſly it ſelfe affects,
Without ſome image of th' affected merit,
Troy. I take to day a wife, and my elections
Is led on in the conduct of my will,
My will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded pilots twixt the dangerous ſhore,
Of will and Iudgement: how may I auoyde?
(Although my will diſtaſt what it elected)